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FOUR MONTHS IN EUROPE.

BY SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

That is a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return who travel out.

Cowley.

No. XIII.—Conclusion.

I was now to part from those friends, whose kind attentions and hospitalities had so much endeared them to me during our short acquaintance; I was to part without a hope or expectation of seeing them again, and such partings are very melancholy. It is sorrowful to leave even an indifferent object for ever; it oppresses the heart to feel that when a few hours have past, eternity will be between all future meeting; but to depart from those we esteem—to know that the hands we now warmly grasp will be cold as the clod of the valley ere we meet again; to turn back often that we may catch the last look of their speaking countenances; to draw on the reluctant glove and then take it off again; to stand in the door and say farewell till the very air is full of the sound; and, last of all, to close the portal that shuts us out for ever from their society and love; this is an agony which can never be forgotten by those who have roamed abroad the world, without losing the fine feeling of their earlier years; this is an hour of deep grief which many years cannot efface from the trembling heart. With sorrow I parted from those English friends whose names will be always dear to me; all I could say then, was what I shall ever feel, however far removed—*God bless you!* In His hands we all are!

On the 7th of April, at 7 o'clock in the evening, we left Gracechurch-street in the stage-coach for Dover. Passing through Welling, Dartford, and Gravesend, small and indifferent villages, we arrived, cold and hungry, at Rochester, about 11 o'clock, where, for one dollar each, we were obliged to partake of a most execrable cold collation, which lay much heavier on our stomachs than reproach did on our tongues. And, after all the imposition, we were desired to remember the cook! The cook, with a vengeance! I do not believe that a single passenger in the coach will be like-

ly to forget either the cook or the landlady of Rochester. Starting again, we reached Canterbury, which gives its name to the Primate of England, and is a noble city, beautifully built, as far as I saw, just as daylight was breaking. Hurrying away again, we kept on our rapid course for sometime without stopping; but, desirous of seeing the sun rise, I took an opportunity to get on the top of the coach and gratify my desire. Like all human desires, however, it had its punishment. The sun rose beautifully; but while I was congratulating myself, I saw a valley just before us full of the most dense fog I ever beheld—or felt. I could not prevail upon the coachman to stop, and, consequently, I was covered as with a hoar frost and completely chilled through, when, after two hours' fogging, we reached Dover. Nothing about this place is pleasant except a small suburb. After breakfasting with a good appetite, and dressing with sincere pleasure, we procured our permission from the English consul, and hastened on board the Calais steam boat; and, as it darted away from the wharf and went dashing along, I sighed at the dissolution of all my romantic dreams, and could not help feeling the immeasurable distance that lay between the sentiments which actuated my heart, when, just nine weeks before, I passed along these very waters, and those which now ruled my bosom, as I gazed without emotion on the Dover cliffs and said, with but little regret—*Adieu! Angleterre!*

DREAMING.

[BY MR. HAZLITT.]

I am (or used some time ago to be) a sleep-walker. In this sort of disturbed, unsound sleep, the eyes are not closed, and are attracted by the light. I used to get up and go towards the window, and make violent efforts to throw it open. The air in some measure revived me, or I might have tried to fling myself out. I saw objects indistinctly, the houses, for instance, facing me on the opposite side of the street; but still it was some time before I could recognise them or recollect where I was: that is, I was still asleep, and the dimness of my sen-

ses (as far as it prevailed) was occasioned by the greater numbness of my memory.— This phenomenon is not astonishing, unless we choose in all such cases to put the cart before the horse. For in fact, it is the mind that sleeps, and the senses (so to speak) only follow the example. The mind doses, and the eyelids close in consequence: we do not go to sleep, because we shut our eyes. I can, however, speak to the fact of the eyes being open, when their sense is shut; or rather, when we are unable to draw just inferences from it. It is generally in the night-time indeed, or in a strange place, that the circumstance happens; but as soon as the light dawns on the recollection, the obscurity and perplexity of the senses clear up. The external impression is made before, much in the same manner as it is after we are awake; but it does not lead to the usual train of associations connected with that impression; e. g. the name of the street or town where we are, who lives at the opposite house, how we came to sleep in the room where we are, &c.; all which are ideas belonging to our waking experience, and are at this time cut off or greatly disturbed by sleep. It is just the same as when persons recover from a swoon, and fix their eyes unconsciously on those about them, for a considerable time before they recollect where they are. Would any one but a German physiologist think it necessary to assure us that at this time they see, but with their eyes open, or pretend that though they have lost all memory or understanding during their fainting fit, their minds act then more vigorously and freely than ever, because they are not distracted by outward impressions! The appeal is made to the outward sense, in the instances we have seen; but the mind is deaf to it, because its functions are for the time gone. It is ridiculous to pretend with this author, that in sleep some of the organs of the mind rest, while others are active: it might as well be pretended that in sleep one eye watches while the other is shut. The stupor is general: the faculty of thought itself is impaired; and whatever ideas we have, instead of being confined to any particular faculty, or the impressions of any

one sense, and invigorated thereby, float at random from object to object, from one class of impressions to another, without coherence or control. The *conscious* or connecting link between our ideas, which forms them into separate groups, or compares different parts and views of a subject together, seems to be that which is principally wanting in sleep: so that any idea that presents itself in this anarchy of the mind is lord of the ascendant for the moment, and is driven out by the next straggling notion that comes across it. The bundles of thought are, as it were, untied, loosened from a common centre, and drift along the stream of fancy as it happens. Hence the confusion (not the concentration of the faculties) that continually takes place in this state of half-perception. The mind takes in but one thing at a time, but one part of a subject, and therefore cannot correct its sudden and heterogeneous transitions from one momentary impression to another by a larger grasp of understanding. Thus we confound one person with another, merely from some accidental coincidence, the name or the place where we have seen them, or their having been concerned with us in some particular transaction the evening before. They lose and regain their proper identity perhaps half a dozen times in this rambling way; nor are we able (though we are somewhat incredulous and surprised at these compound creations) to detect the error, from not being prepared to trace the same connected subject of thought to a number of varying and successive ramifications, or to form the idea of a *whole*. We think that Mr. Such-a-one did so and so: then, from a second face coming across us, like the sliders of a magic lantern, it was not he, but another; then some one calls him by his right name, and he is himself again. We are little shocked at these gross contradictions; for if the mind was capable of perceiving them in all their absurdity, it would not be liable to fall into them. It runs into them for the same reason that it is hardly conscious of them when made.

—"That which was now a horse, a bear, a cloud, Even with a thought the rack dislimns, And makes it indistinct as water is in water."

The difference, so far then, between sleeping and waking seems to be, that in the latter we have a greater range of conscious recollections, a larger discourse of reason, and associate ideas in longer trains and more as they are connected one with another in the order of nature; whereas in the

former, any two impressions, that meet, or are alike, join company, and then are parted again without notice, like the froth from the wave. So in madness, there is, I should apprehend, the same tyranny of the imagination over the judgment; that is, the mind has slipped its cable, and single images meet, and jostle, and unite suddenly together, without any power to arrange or compare them with others, with which they are connected in the world of reality. There is a continual phantasmagoria: whatever shapes and colours come together are by the heat and violence of the brain referred to external nature, without regard to the order of time, place, or circumstance. From the same want of continuity, we often forget our dreams so speedily: if we cannot catch them as they are passing out at the door, we never set eyes on them again. There is no clue or thread of imagination to trace them by. In a morning sometimes we have had a dream that we try in vain to recollect: it is gone, like the rainbow from the cloud. At other times (so evanescent is their texture) we forget that we have dreamt at all: and at these times the mind seems to have been a mere blank, and sleep presents only an image of death. Hence has arisen the famous dispute, *Whether the soul thinks always?*—on which Mr. Locke and different writers have bestowed so much tedious and unprofitable discussion; some maintaining that the mind was like a watch that goes continually, though more slowly and irregularly at one time than another; while the opposite party contended that it often stopped altogether, bringing the example of sound sleep as an argument, and desiring to know what proof we could have of thoughts passing through the mind, of which it was itself perfectly unconscious, and retained not the slightest recollection. I grant, we often sleep so sound, or have such faint imagery passing through the brain, that if we awake by degrees, we forget it altogether: we recollect our first waking, and perhaps some imperfect suggestions of fancy just before; but beyond this, all is mere oblivion. But I have observed that whenever I have been waked up suddenly, and not left to myself to recover from this state of mental torpor, I have been always dreaming of something, *i. e.* thinking, according to the tenor of the question. Let any one call you at any time, however fast asleep you may be, you make out their voice in the first surprise to be like some one's you were thinking of in your sleep. Let an accidental noise, the falling of something in the next room, rouse

you up, you constantly find something to associate it with, or translate it back into the language of your slumbering thoughts. You are never taken completely at a *non-plus*—summoned, as it were, out of a state of non-existence. It is easy for any one to try the experiment upon himself; that is, to examine every time he is waked up suddenly, so that his waking and sleeping state are brought into immediate contact, whether he has not in all such cases been dreaming of something, and not fairly *caught napping*. For myself, I think I can speak with certainty. It would indeed be rather odd to awake out of such an absolute privation and suspense of thought as is contended for by the partisans of the contrary theory. It would be a peep into the grave, a consciousness of death, an escape from the world of non-entity!

The vividness of our impressions in dreams, of which so much has been said, seems to be rather apparent than real; or, if this mode of expression should be objected to as unwarrantable, rather physical than mental. It is a vapour, a fume, the effect of the "heat-oppressed brain."—The imagination gloats over an idea, and doats at the same time. However warm or brilliant the colouring of these changing appearances, they vanish with the dawn. They are put out by our waking thoughts, as the sun puts out a candle. It is unlucky that we sometimes remember the heroic sentiments—the profound discoveries—the witty repartees, we have uttered in our sleep. The one turn to bombast, the others are mere truisms, and the last absolute nonsense. Yet we clothe them certainly with a fancied importance at the moment. This seems to be merely the effervescence of the blood or of the brain, physically acting. It is an odd thing in sleep, that we not only fancy we see different persons, and talk to them, but that we hear them make answers, and startle us with an observation or a piece of news: and though we of course put the answer into their mouths, we have no idea beforehand what it will be, and it takes us as much by surprise as it would in reality. This kind of successful ventriloquism which we practice upon ourselves, may perhaps be in some measure accounted for from the short sightedness and incomplete consciousness which were remarked above as the peculiar characteristics of sleep.

The power of prophesying or foreseeing things in our sleep, as from a higher and more abstracted sphere of thought, need not be here argued upon. There is, how-

ever, a sort of profundity in sleep; and it may be usefully consulted as an oracle in this way. It may be said, that the voluntary power is suspended, and things come upon us as unexpected revelations, which we keep out of our thoughts at other times. We may be aware of a danger, that yet we do not choose, while we have the full command of our faculties, to acknowledge to ourselves: the impending event will then appear to us as a dream, and we shall most likely find it verified afterwards. Another thing of no small consequence is, that we may sometimes discover our tacit, and almost unconscious sentiments, with respect to persons or things in the same way. We are not hypocrites in our sleep. The curb is taken off from our passions, and our imagination wanders at will. When awake, we check these rising thoughts, and fancy we have them not. In dreams, when we are off our guard, they return securely and unbidden. We may make this use of the infirmity of our sleeping metamorphosis, that we may repress any feelings of this sort that we disapprove in their incipient state, and detect, ere it be too late, an unwarrantable antipathy or fatal passion. Infants cannot disguise their thoughts from others; and in sleep we reveal the secret to ourselves.

It should appear that I have never been in love, for the same reason. I never dream of the face of any one I am particularly attached to. I have thought almost to agony of the same person for years, nearly without ceasing, so as to have her face always before me, and to be haunted by a perpetual consciousness of disappointed passion, and yet I never in all that time dreamt of this person more than once or twice, and then not vividly. I conceive, therefore, that this perseverance of the imagination in a fruitless track must have been owing to mortified pride, to an intense desire and hope of good in the abstract, more than to love, which I consider as an individual and involuntary passion, and which therefore, when it is strong, must predominate over the fancy in sleep. I think myself into love, and dream myself out of it. I should have made a very bad Endymion in this sense: for all the time the heavenly Goddess was shining over my head, I should never have had a thought about her. If I had waked and found her gone, I might have been in a considerable taking. Coleridge used to laugh at me for my want of the faculty of dreaming; and once, on my saying that I did not like the preternatural stories in the Arabian Nights,

(for the comic parts I love dearly,) he said, "That must be because you never dream. There is a class of poetry built on this foundation, which is surely no inconsiderable part of our nature, since we are asleep and building up imaginations of this sort half our time." I had nothing to say against it: it was one of his conjectural subtleties, in which he excels all the persons I ever knew; but I had some satisfaction in finding afterwards, that I had Bishop Atterbury expressly on my side in this question, who has recorded his detestation of Sinbad the Sailor, in an interesting letter to Pope. Perhaps he too did not dream!

Yet I dream sometimes; I dream of the Louvre—*Intus et in cute*. I dreamt I was there a few weeks ago, and that the old scene returned—that I looked for my favourite pictures, and found them gone or erased. The dream of my youth came upon me; a glory and a vision unutterable, that comes no more but in darkness and in sleep: my heart rose up, and I fell on my knees, and lifted up my voice and wept, and I awoke. I also dreamt a little while ago, that I was reading the New Eloise to an old friend, and came to the concluding passage in Julia's farewell letter, which had much the same effect upon me—The words are, "*Trop heureuse d'acheter au prix de ma vie le droit de t'aimer toujours sans crime, et de te le dire encore une fois, avant que je meurs!*" I used to sob over this passage twenty years ago; and in this dream about it lately, I seemed to live these twenty years over again in one short moment! I do not dream ordinarily; and there are people who never could see any thing in the *New Eloise*. Are we not quits!

ON BLACK CATS.

Sleep thou in peace, my sable Selima, rest and be thankful, for thou wert born in an enlightened age, and in a family of females, and elderly gentlemen. Well it is for thee, that thou wert not cotemporary with the pious Baxter, that detester of superstition; or the learned Sir Thomas Brown, the exploder of vulgar errors; or the great Sir Matthew Hale, whose wholesome severities against half-starved sorceresses, so aptly illustrated his position, that Christianity is "parcel of the common law of England." Rest, I say, and be thankful, for the good old times had been bitter times for thee.

Why should colour excite the malignant passions of man? Why will the sole-patentee of reason, the *soi disant* Lord of Creation, degrade himself to the level of the

Turkey cock, that is filled with rage and terror at a shred of scarlet? What is a hue—an absorbed or reflected ray, or, as other sages tell, a mere extended thought—that we should love or hate it? Yet such is man, with all his boasted wisdom. Ask why the negro is a slave? He's black, not like a Christian. Why should Bridget's cat be worried? Why, to be sure, she's black, an imp of darkness, the witch's own familiar; nay, perhaps, the witch herself in disguise: a thing most easily put to proof; for if you knock out Grimalkin's eye, Bridget will appear next day with only one: maim the cat, its mistress halts; stab it, she is wounded. Such are the dangers of necromantic masquerading, when the natural body is punished with the stripes inflicted on the assumed one: and this was once religion with royal Chaplains, and philosophy with the Royal Society!

These superstitions are gone: this baseless fabric of a vision is dissolved: I wish that it had left not a wreck behind. But when Satan disappears, an unsavoury scent remains behind him; and from the carcass of buried absurdity, there often proceeds an odour of prejudice—the more distressing, because we know not whence it comes.—Neither elderly ladies nor black cats are now suspected of witchcraft; yet how seldom are they fully restored to their just estimation in the world.

Be it perverseness, or be it pity, or be it regard for injured merit, I confess myself an advocate for the human tabbies, so famed for loquacity, and for their poor dumb favourites in black velvet.

Whether it be true, that Time, which has such various effects on divers subjects, which is so friendly to wine, and so hostile to small-beer, which turns abuse to right, and usurpation to legitimacy, which improves pictures while it mars their originals, and raises a coin no longer current to a hundred times the value it ever went for;—whether this wonder-working Time be able to describe the loveliness of woman, shall be a subject for future inquiry. But, my pretty Selima, thou, that like Solomon's bride, art black, but comely; thee, and thy kind—the sable order of the feline sisterhood, I would gladly vindicate from those aspersions, which take occasion from the blackness of thy coat to blacken thy reputation.

Thy hue denotes thee a child of night; Night, the wife of Chaos, and being a female, of course the oldest female in being. How aptly, therefore, dost thou become the favourite of those ladies, who, though

not so old as night, are nevertheless in the evening of their days. Thou dost express thy joy at the return of thy mother, even as the statue of Memnon at the approach of her rival, frisking about in thy mourning garb by moonlight, starlight, or no light, an everlasting merry mourner: and yet a mute in dress, and silence too, not belying thy name by volubility.

How smooth, how silky soft are thy jetty hairs! A peaceful multitude, wherein each knows its place, and none obstructs its neighbours. Thy very paws are velvet, and seem formed to walk on carpets of tissue. What a pretty knowing primness in thy mouth, what quick turns of expression in thy ears, and what maiden dignity in thy whiskers. Were it not for thine emerald eyes, and that one white hair on thy breast, which I abstain from comparing to a single star, in a cloudy sky, or a water lily lying on a black lake, (for, in truth, it is like neither,) I should call thee nature's monochrome. And then the manifold movements of thy tail, that hangs out like a flag of truce, and the graceful sinuosity of thy carriage, all bespeak thee of the gentle kind. False tokens all: thou canst be furious as a negro despot: thy very hairs, if crossed, flash fire. Thou art an earth-pacing thunder-cloud, a living electric battery, thy back is armed with the wrath of Jove.

Hence do thy enemies find occasion to call thee a daughter of darkness, clad in Satan's livery—a patch on the fair face of nature; and therefore, an unseemly relic of a fashion, not only unbecoming in itself, but often perverted to the purposes of party.

Yet, my Selima, if thy tribe have suffered much from the follies of mankind, they have profited by them also. If the dark age looked black upon them; if the age of black arts, black friars, and black letter set them in its black-book, and delivered over their patronesses to the blackness of darkness; yet time hath been when they partook of the honour and worship paid to all their species, while they walked in pride at the base of the pyramids, or secreted their kittens in the windings of the labyrinth. Then was their life pleasant, and their death as a sweet odour.

This was, indeed, common to all thy kind, however diversified by colour, or divided by condition.—Tabby and tortoise-shell, black, white, and grey, tawny and sandy, gib and grimalkin, ye were a sacred race, and the death of one of ye was mourned as a brother's—if natural: and avenged as a citizen's—if violent: and this in the cradle of the sciences, (so called, I presume, be-

cause the sciences were babies there,) and in spite of the 700,000 volumes of Alexandria.

Yet I cannot but think that the wise Egyptians distinguished black with peculiar reverence. We know that their religion, like their writing, was hieroglyphical; that their respect for various animals was merely symbolical; that under the form of the ox, they gratefully remembered the inventor of agriculture, and adopted a beetle as the representative of the sun. Now, of how many virtues, how many powers, how many mysteries may not a black cat be an emblem? As she is cat, of vigilance; as she is black, of secrecy; as both, of treachery, one of the greatest of political virtues, if we judge from the high rewards continually given, and daily advertised for it. Again, we know the annual circle, and the signs by which it was measured, was another object of idolatry; but one ample half of time is typified by a black cat.

But should these deep speculations be deemed mystical by the present age, which, if it be an age of light, is certainly an age of lightness, it may, at least, be admitted, that the Egyptians would prefer their own colour, and we are assured by Volney and others, that they were not only black, but literally negroes.

As for the esteem they entertained for cats in general, we may account for it on the supposition, that they were delivered, at some period of their history, in an extraordinary manner, from a swarm of rats, either national or political. And that the agents of this deliverance were represented under the feline figure, which may be plausibly considered as a bodily representative of the spirit of reform.

After all, Selima, I doubt whether thou hast lost as much by never being worshipped as thou hast gained by living in a Christian country. State is burdensome, and superstition is seldom prone to regard its objects with affection.

But there is one of thy hues whose condition might have been envied by all the sacred mousers of Egypt. Well may she be proud and coy, whom fate has appointed, not to be the idol of the children of Ham, but the favourite of the loveliest of the daughters of Britain.

CROOKED CUSTOMS.

"More honoured in the breach than in the observance.—Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

Vivere est cogitare, et videre, is a very ancient, but a very wholesome adage, and when I look upon any customs which the

inhabitants of this well peopled world so affectionately and so pertinaciously cling to, through tide and time, I begin to think that not a few of these may be dispensed with, and that without putting the national faith in jeopardy, or banishing its politeness to the north pole. What a number of superfluous, troublesome, and incongruous ceremonies are still maintained, at the expense of elegance and comfort in our social intercourse with each other; and so absurd are they, so little conducive to the dignity of society, or even to the consequence of individuals, one would really think we preferred playing our parts in strait waistcoats, or to walk through the world with fetters upon our actions.

It has been exceedingly well observed, that true politeness consists in ease, to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

Should we not think it a very March madness to stickle for precedency, when a matter of consequence demanded that we waste not a single moment? And yet Mistress Snooks, from the city, will stand bobbing and curtsying to her neighbour Madam Higginson, and exclaim—"La, no, madam—indeed, ma'am—'pon my honour, I can't go first"—and all about—the rain coming down by bucket-fuls the while—who should first ascend the steps, and ensconce themselves on the leathern seats of a dirty hackney coach.

Then again—"oh, it is horrible most horrible!"—after we have endured, and sat out, thirty minutes of awkward ceremony and awful suspenses,—the half hour before the summons of a dress party dinner reaches the drawing-room—then again, when all are "like hounds new slipped," ready to dash towards the savoury fragrance of soups and sirloins, to have the main body deranged, and the rear thrown into disorder by the starch and brocaded ceremony of two silk-rustling dowagers, debating who should first enter the "promised land," and marshal the hungry detachment to the object of all their wishes. Shakspeare must have had this custom in his "mind's eye," when he wrote the words of my motto. It is crooked enough truly.

But at the feast-board, after the preliminaries have been arranged, and the seats duly apportioned, even there misfortunes—they never will come singly, and like angel visits, "far between"—follow us and *politesse* spoils our fish and cools our soup.—We must wait till every one at table is pro-

vided for, before we venture to taste the viands the bounty of our host has piled upon our plate. The onset must not be made till the commissariat has delivered out every ration, and (in comparison) until the "little drummer-boys and all" are prepared to charge in company. This is another touch of policy, which runs like Hogarth's line of beauty, only it lacks its utility. It should be reformed altogether.

Then your health drinking, that perplexing and dissonant practice, with what an increase of comfort might that be abolished! Like bidding for a favourite lot at an auction, one is actually obliged in a large company to wait chances, and race for speaking time, between the discordant Babel of rival toasters; and we think ourselves too happy to catch the eye of our hostess, and to escape with a mere nod from the vociferous ceremony. Then lay its introduction at a monarch's door; but I can assure all fashionable people, that the "drink weal" of the Saxon is quite out *now* at palaces and in "king's houses."

Song singing—I mean the indiscriminate chanting of mixed societies, when the bowl and bottle make those

"Who once could sing, sing now the more,
And those to sing, who never sung before,"

that is an abomination which will admit of lopping. I do not quarrel with a good sea, or sporting song, with a cheerful catch, or a cheering melody, but with the absurd custom of asking and expecting all to sing—from the pouting miss, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies, to the eager ballad-monger, who having half a dozen ditties, ready cut and dried, is uneasy and restless till he has poured their full blood of discord upon your much injured ears. I quite agree with some writer of an earlier day, when he says, that "if a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice (and knows how to use it, he should have added,) it is sensible to entreat them to sing, and it is good humoured when they comply;" but I also go along with him, when he adds, that if "the resolution is made of a company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow that he will, like Timon, avoid the society of man." Certes, your sing-song companies are equivocal comforts, for

"What ear, ye sirens, can endure the pest
Of a man roaring, like a storm at west?
Or who can bear that bath an ear at all,
To hear some hoyden miss for evenings squall?
Give me, ye gods, my cabin free from care,
And jingling nightingales in darkling air."

These are only the advanced guard, my good masters of the army of *Croked-Com-forts* I have under my command—some other time I may take the field again, and parade a second detachment before you, and for your warning. Mr. Beresford may probably be content with the two volumes he has already written; but, if not, I am quite sure I have matter "deep and dangerous" wherewithal to furnish him for the compilation of two additional tomes,

descriptive of "*The Miseries of Human Life*."

ON THE SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

The Edda and Voluspa contain a complete collection of fables, not at all similar to those of Greece and Rome. The Edda was composed in Iceland, in the thirteenth century, and is a commentary on the Voluspa, the bible of the North. Odin, Woden, or Wodan, was their supreme divinity. This hero is supposed to have emigrated from the East. He is represented as the god of battles, and slaughters thousands at a blow. His palace is called Valhalla, where the souls of those who had fallen bravely in battle partake of supreme felicity. The day is spent in imaginary combats, and the night in feasting on the most delicious viands prepared and served up by the Valkyriae, virgins celebrated for their celestial charms and everlasting youth.

The horrific occupations of the Valkyriae, while preparing the "loom of hell," is thus described by Gray, in his "*Fatal Sisters*."

Glittering lances are the loom,
(Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe and Ranver's bane.

See the grisley texture grow,
'Tis of human entrails made,
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipped in gore,
Shoot the trembling chords along;
Sword that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

They who had fallen in battle, drank mead (the nectar of Scandinavia) out of the skulls of their enemies, whom they had killed. Sleper, the horse of Odin, is also honoured as well as his master. Loke, or Lok, the evil spirit, or genius of the North, resembles the Typhon of Egypt. Signa, or Sinna, is Lok's consort; hence the derivation of our word *sin*.—The most frightful attitudes are given to their giants, Weymur, and Ferbanter, Bellupher, and Hellunda. The accounts of their various exploits are more ridiculous and uninteresting than those furnished by the Greek and Roman mythology. The principal deity after Odin, was Frigga, or Frea, his wife; she was called the mother of earth, and of the gods, and was the Tantes and Astarte of the Phœnicians. Thor was their next deity; he presided over the winds and seasons, and particularly over thunder; he carried a mace or club, which, as often as he discharged it, returned spontaneously to his hand; he grasped it with gauntlets of iron, and could renew his strength at his pleasure; he was considered the avenger and defender of the gods. Niord, the Neptune of the North, reigned over the sea and winds. Balder, the son of Odin, was wise, eloquent, and endowed with such majesty, that his very glances were bright and shining. Tyr, was also a warrior deity, and the protector of champions and brave men.—

Brage presided over music and poetry; his wife named Iduna, had the gift of golden apples, which the gods used when they found themselves grow old, and which had the power of instantly restoring them to youth. Heimdall was the sentinel. The gods had made a bridge between heaven and earth. This bridge is the rainbow. Heimdall was employed to watch at one of the extremities, to prevent the giants from getting into heaven. It was difficult to surprise him, for he had the faculty of sleeping more lightly than a bird, and of discerning objects by day or night, at the distance of a hundred leagues. He had an ear so fine, that he could hear the grass grow in the meadows, and the wool on the backs of the sheep. He carried a sword in one hand, and in the other a trumpet, whose sound could be heard through all the worlds. Loke, before named, had several children, the wolf Fenris, the serpent Midgard, and Hela, or death, owe their birth to him: all three are enemies to the gods; who, after various struggles, have chained this wolf till the last day, when he is to break loose and devour the sun.—The serpent has been cast into the sea, where he is to remain till he is conquered by the god Thor. And Hela, or Death, is banished into the lower regions, where she governs nine wolds, into which she distributes those who are sent to her. This place was called Nifheim, and was reserved for those who died of disease or old age. Hela, or Death, here exercised her despot power; her palace was Anguish; her table, Famine; her waiters were Expectation and Delay; the threshold of her door was Precipice; her bed Leanness; she was livid and ghastly; her very look inspired horror.

The entrance to Nifheim, the dreadful abode of Hela, is thus described by Gray, in his "*Descent of Odin*:"

Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore distilled.
Hoarse he bays, with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin:
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.

Every man has a destiny appropriated to himself, who determined the duration and events of his life. The three principal destinies were, Urd, the past; Werandi, the present; and Sculde, the future.

The meaning of the word Voluspa, is a prophecy of Vola, or Fola, a name synonymous with Sybil, and consequently used to designate a female, endowed with the gift of prophecy. It is very ancient, and contains an abstract of all the northern mythology. This book gives a description of the chaos; the formation of the world; the creation of giants, men, and dwarfs, who were the different species of its inhabitants; and details the employment of the faeries or destinies, who are called Nor-

nies. The functions of the deities, and their most memorable exploits, are next recorded. The work concludes with a long and animated description of the final state of the universe, and its dissolution by fire. Odin, and all the pagan deities, are to be confounded in this general ruin; and a new world is to spring up, arrayed in all the bloom of celestial beauty.

WINTER.

"No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats its tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone red breast on the moss-grown wall." SCOTT.

Winter (says a writer in the *Universal Magazine*, 1785,) has been defined to be that season of the year in which the days are shortest. It most properly commences on the 21st of December, which is called the winter solstice, being that day when the sun's distance from the zenith of the place is the greatest; and it ends on the 20th of March, when its distance is at a mean between the greatest and the least. But I shall only observe further, that notwithstanding the coldness of this season, it has been demonstrated by astronomers, that the sun is really nearer to the earth in winter than in summer. The principal cause of this difference is, that in winter the sun's rays fall so obliquely upon us, and have so large a portion of the atmosphere to pass through, that any given number of them is spread over a much greater portion of the earth's surface where we live; and, therefore, each point must then have fewer rays than in summer, or when the sun is at a greater height above the horizon. There comes, moreover, a greater degree of cold in the long winter nights, than can be compensated for by the return of heat in the short days; and, on both these accounts, the cold must necessarily increase. In summer, on the contrary, the rays of the sun fall more perpendicularly upon us, and therefore come with greater force, and in greater numbers, on the same place, than when they come more obliquely; and, by the longer continuance of the sun above the horizon than in winter, a much greater degree of heat is imparted by day than can fly off by night, so that the heat must increase.

The flakes of falling snow are various in their configuration and extremely beautiful, if examined with a microscope before they melt, which may easily be done by making the experiment in the open freezing air.—See "Physica Sacra, ou Histoire Naturelle de la Bible," par Jean Jacques Scheuchzer, for an engraving of the splendid forms of snow.

The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world (says Dr. Johnson in the "Rambler,") always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

But this dreary season hath its beauties.

"Behold the graves that shine with silver frost," pure and unspotted as the breath of heaven—here hang in crystallized clusters the wonderful treasures of the atmosphere—which, when beheld by the contemplative mind, call to recollection the lines of Thomson.

"What art thou, frost, and whence are thy keen stores

Deriv'd, thou secret all invading power!
Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly;

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of life, swift, or heed'd, or chap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro' water, earth, and air?"

MOONLIGHT EFFUSIONS.

Patience is the art of waiting, time passes quickly with him who hopes for better days and lives for the morrow.

Hope has such efficacy that it can lead us to the end of life through an agreeable path, and even beyond life itself.

I have found that in my disquietudes resolution has furnished me with more resources than reason.

To do readily what we ought to do when we ought to do it, and as we ought to do it, are the characteristics of wise and happy minds.

Vanity is a weed which takes root in every bosom, from the man who adds to the splendour of worldly aggrandisement the brightest intellectual qualities, to him whose fortune and mind alike grovel in the dust.

Aggression, once committed, every restraint of reverence and shame is cast away.

Unchanging prosperity cloyed by possession, and the satiated spirit looks round for new excitement. It is then that the passions and the appetites wander abroad in the stimulating search, and are easily tempted by forbidden paths.

No enterprise is great that is not morally good.

He that is head of a party is but a boat on a wave, that raises not itself, but is moved upward by the billow which it floats upon.

POETRY.

IMPROVEMENT.

TO MISS N. — II. — AT PARTING.

Farewell!—A tear, a sigh,
To parting friends is given;
But why should those the smile deny,
Who hope to meet in Heaven?

Farewell!—unwelcome sound,
When kindred hearts are riven;
But Hope shall soothe the keenest wound,
And smiling, point to Heaven.

Farewell!—Love's blossoms here
By adverse winds are driven;
But Faith and Hope the stem shall rear,
To bloom afresh in Heaven.

Farewell!—May Hope still greet
Your morn, and gild your even;
In memory's visions oft we'll meet,
And send a sigh to Heaven.

New-Haven, Oct. 1826.

The bird, whose song of gladness
A wry cage confines,
Its prison views with sadness,
And as it sings, repines.

It mourns the clear blue heaven
Where once aloft it soar'd;
And where from dawn till even
Its caroll freely pour'd.

But if the hand of pity
To air restores its wings—
How quickly changed its ditty;
How merrily it sings!

So I, if once relenting fate
My twisted woes would sever,
Again could smile with hope elate,
And care deride forever.

AN ODE TO A PIG WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BOARING.

Hark! hark! that pig, the loud note
More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows
Would you not think the knife was in his throat,
And yet they're only boring through his nose.

Thou foolish beast, so ready to offend
Thy master's will, to feel such idle fears;
Why pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not also bored and ringed her ears.

Pig, 'tis your master's pleasure, then be still
And hold your nose to let the iron through;
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will?
Rebellious swine! ye know not what ye do.

To man o'er every beast the power was given,
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more,
Wouldst thou rebel against the will of heaven!
Thou impious beast be still and let them bore.

The social pig, resigns his natural rights,
When first with man he covenants to live,
He barters them, for safer sty deluges,
For grains and wash which man alone can give.

Sure is provision on the social plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong,
Oh, happy swine, the imperial sway of man,
Alike protects the weak pig and the strong.

And you resist, you struggle now, because
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose,
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impose.

Go to the forest, pig, and there deplore
The miserable lot of savage swine.
See young pigs, flying, from the savage boar,
How wretchedly, how scantily they dine.

Behold the hourly danger, when, who will
May hunt or snare, or seize them for his food,
Oh! happy pig, whom none presumes to kill,
Till your protecting master thinks it good.

And when at last, the hour of closing life
Arrives (for pigs must die as well as men)
When in your throat, you feel the long sharp knife
And your whole body is convulsed with pain.

Then, when the death wound yawning wide,
Fainter, and fainter grows the expiring cry,
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your master's good you die.

J. G.

Siberian Peasants.—Nothing can be more simple than the manner in which the ordinary peasant lives; in the morning he takes his soup or milk, with a large slice of bread; sour cabbage-soup, with meat in it, or fish-soup with bread, serves him for dinner; his supper is a repetition of the dinner; and thus he subsists for the day. The richer peasants, however, enjoy various luxuries, as tea, both in the morning and evening, and a piece of roast meat in addition to their soup at dinner. If a traveller can be content with such fare, he may make his way throughout Siberia, *forma pauperis*, without money. Not that we are to suppose the peasants of this country insensible to the value of money; for, as there is a brandy shop in every village, to which they are fond of paying their devotions, and as the door of its *sanctum sanctorum* is only unlocked by money, they are quite alive to the advantages of possessing this indispensable master-key.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE.

We consider it a subject of just pride to have been among the first to lend our humble aid to the new theory of language offered by Mr. Cardell. The opinion of this theory, which we early and decidedly expressed, was founded on a thorough conviction of its importance. It is a source of pleasure to find that opinion confirmed by experience, and by the unequivocal approbation of the best teachers and literary men of our country. Opposition, from settled opinions and habits, from prejudice and self-interest, has been, as was expected, basily exerted against this theory; but opposition has not prevented its doctrines from prevailing, to a far greater extent, for the time, than its friends ventured to anticipate.

Mr. Cardell's exposition of speech is not more remarkable for the bold originality of its plan than for the extraordinary knowledge of the subject which it displays, its practical utility, and the deep interest connected with its scientific proofs and illustrations.

The chief distinctive feature of this system is, that instead of deducing its rules primarily from the forms of words, as in former grammars of every language, Mr. Cardell ascertains all the essential divisions and rules of speech, by the organization of nature, in which the elements of thought have their origin, and on which all their combinations depend.

The philosophy of language, as explained by this system, includes the whole range of "grammar, rhetoric, logic, and the science of the mind;" but with important variations from the existing theories, not only in the manner of conducting the investigation, but in the results produced. Instead of resembling the vague, metaphysical, and contradictory treatises, so long studied and so ill understood, this system presents obvious facts and scientific principles, confirmed by etymology, and the analogy of numerous tongues, ancient and modern, in a way of perfect demonstration, leaving nothing for doubt or variance of opinion.

Mr. Cardell begins by explaining, on principles of natural and mental science, the objects of perception as they are presented to the organs of sense, the manner in which ideas are acquired by the mind, and in which a word in language is employed to represent both the idea or mental image, and the object of perception from which that idea is derived.

This conformity between words, thoughts, and objects of perception, founded in nature, being well understood at the outset, it is shown that the same conformity is relatively preserved, through all the combinations in language.

On this foundation, broad as it is substantial, Mr. Cardell erects his superstructure, magnificent, indeed, but simple and inviting as extensive and sublime.

His "Essay on Language" and "Grammar," already published, are chiefly confined to what is

considered as belonging to grammatical principles, and are only a part of his general plan. It is in lectures, or oral explanations, that he unfolds, in a manner singularly striking and clear, the laws of intellectual and physical nature, and the history of man in different ages and nations, as connected with the structure of speech. This part it is the declared intention to make the subject of a future publication, embracing various subordinate topics.

It will readily be seen, by persons qualified to judge, that such an undertaking is not to be accomplished by a private individual, even of the greatest talents and learning, without extraordinary effort: but what is already done can, with the ordinary blessing of Providence, leave no doubt respecting the final result.

The public may expect an additional advantage in the adaptation of this system to the purposes of practical utility, from the fact, that the author is probably second to no man in the United States for a thorough knowledge of the business of instruction, in its various departments, both in theory and practice.

We have just seen Mr. Bostwick's collection of Historical Charts, bound in the form of an atlas, in a neat and convenient style. This collection of charts and maps, undoubtedly affords the most happy and complete illustration of ancient history, that has ever been devised. We do not feel the slightest hesitation in bestowing this unqualified judgment of the merits of this publication, and such must be the final judgment of an enlightened public. How soon this judgment will be passed, we would not presume to conjecture, because the disposition to examine works of this character, is too often a matter of accident or caprice. Allowing to the penurious, prejudiced, and indifferent, the ready excuse they find in the prevalence of imposition and quackery, we think that no liberal mind can properly decline the short investigation required in this particular case: we think that a responsibility rests upon all literary and professional men, and that especially teachers, parents, and pupils are called upon to investigate what so nearly concerns them. The aged may say, our studies are finished, our days are almost numbered, and our children are educated; the man of business may allege his occupation or his incompetence; but the professed patrons of literature, the heads of our seminaries, the anxious parent, and studious scholar can hardly find a consistent apology for rejecting, unexamined, a work which has so fair a claim to their attention; which abridges and cheapens the acquisition of knowledge, and which renders study pleasant and efficacious.

The astronomer exhibits his planetarium; the geographer thinks his maps indispensable; no professor will open his mouth without an apparatus before him; these are only visible representations of what may be related or explained in words merely; and what but sheer prejudice can condemn the historian to do without similar aids.

The author of these charts, without being ob-

trusive, has gained a fair professional standing in the community by his lessons and lectures; it is well known, that his improvements are the result of long and arduous study, and they are certainly better attested, and more generally acknowledged, than any other that have not had a long trial in the world. This is a ground which he has fairly won by a long and assiduous attention to his pursuits, before he attempted any particular appeal to the public; and must we not distinguish between the claim of such a man, and the noisy pretension of one who comes abruptly before the world with projects untried and unattested?

We shall, of course, leave to the author himself a full exposition of his plans, which we understand will shortly appear. We have witnessed, with mingled sensations of pleasure and admiration, the work in question, which is now nearly completed, consisting of five engraved charts and three maps, so combined as to make the representation more striking and instructive than we should have supposed possible. The arrangement of so much detail with such simplicity, perspicuity, and effect, deserves the richest reward, and promises the most cheering and effectual aid to the readers of history. History will no longer be a drudgery at school; it will be read generally with new pleasure and zest, and will excite that interest which we are too prone to imagine that novels and romances alone can excite. Scott and Cooper may still continue to amuse and instruct us, but the dull intervals of their silence may be relieved by the glowing pages of Tacitus and Gibbon.

New York Theatre.—We were among the guests at the New York Theatre on Saturday evening last, and were much pleased with the beauty and chasteness of the building and decorations. It is fully as large as the Park, and in our opinion more comfortable; we have only one objection to the painting, namely, that it is too dark, and the ground being all one color: this is more tolerable however, than a light and gaudy color, inasmuch, as it is not injurious to the eyes. The seats in the pit are cushioned, and each alternate one has a back, which though customary in many of the European Theatres, is a novelty here, and is certainly very satisfactory to the audience. The covering of the Boxes is in harmony with the whole, being dark moreen. The Theatre is lighted with gas, and the chandeliers are of ground glass, of a new construction, which completely shields the eye from the flame, and throws a beautiful moonlight shade over the whole house.

After having examined the building and scenery, Mr. Gilfert invited a few friends to the hotel adjoining, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared, and the evening passed with much hilarity.

On Monday the Theatre opened, with the comedy of *The Road to Ruin*, and the afterpiece of *Jeremy Diddler*; we were among the throng that crowded every corner of the house.

Mr. Young portrayed with much pathos and nature, the affectionate father of a prodigal son,

and Mr. Duff gave some passages of Young Dornton with much force and judgment.

Mr. Faulkener is a stranger on our boards; he possesses a considerable portion of the *vis comica*; we do not think however that he put sufficient dignity into the character of Silky. Silky is a knave, who by cheating and usury rises from an humble sphere; wealth in almost every man, glosses over his low degree, and creates in a certain measure, pomposity, from the power and influence the world attaches to wealth.

Mr. Barret was happy, in the ignorant dissipated horse-jockey Goldfinch: some of his slang sayings created considerable mirth, and in consequence we think he pushed them too far. We have often observed that actors, push happy hits so far as to pall on the discerning part of the audience.

The beautiful Mrs. G. Barrett personated the gay and thoughtless Sophia, with much nature and naivete—she was the life of the piece, and “we foresee” she will continue the delight and favorite of this Theatre.

We cannot particularise farther, tho’ we should have mentioned Mr. Stone’s just conception of the Sour Sully.

In the afterpiece Mr. Barrett played Jeremy Diddler; it is one of his best characters: the tricks of the impudent, hungry fortune hunter, who stops at nothing however mean or bold, brought repeated peals of applause from every quarter of the house.

Mr. Bernard promises to be an acquisition to the stage; in the comedy his part did not afford scope for his talents, but in the foolish cockney Fainwood, he appeared to much advantage.—Mr. Hyatt has improved since we last saw him, he has comic powers, the cultivation of which he ought not to neglect. In acting, as in every other art, perfection is not to be obtained but by close and deep study, and if Mr. Hyatt will only apply himself, he will reach the head of his profession.

The scenery is splendid and does much credit to Mr. Coyle and assistants. The Prize Address was well received, it will be found in this day’s paper.

Tuesday was performed the comedy of Belle Stratagem and the Day after the Wedding—we have no room to make remarks, we will only add that it brought several performers we had not before seen, and convinces us that the standing company is the best in this city.

Wednesday the Heir at Law and Jeremy Diddler—want of time prevents us from making any remarks.

A word to the Managers—We are sorry that there is no distinction in the prices of the Boxes and Pit. The Gallery ought to be advanced, and immediately, we warrant there will not be any thing to fear on that account—make the Boxes one dollar, and a fashionable patronage is secure; or at least, make the price of admission to the Boxes Six and the Pit Three Shillings.

The Greek Business—Judge Platt, &c.—We have refrained from this subject in expectation of some reply of the arbitrators, &c. to the charges brought against them. The public have hitherto heard but one side of the question, and it is contrary to equity and sound sense to decide upon *ex parte* evidence. With respect to Judge Platt we must express our incredulity that a man whose purity has until now never been doubted, a man of hereditary integrity, (for integrity does run in the blood) a gentleman of fine and delicate feelings, should in the evening of his honorable and well spent life, depart from the path of propriety. It is not in the nature of things. Judge Platt may perhaps have erred in judgment, but we cannot believe that such a man would sin against his conscience and his principles.

The late Indictments—“The long agony is over,” and Wall street reposes on its laurels. We think the jury (poor fellows) have had the worst of the business.

Ecceda. Shall we ever have done with them? In our last No. the German Philosopher Kant was metamorphosed into *Rant*; Latin was murdered, and the President’s English suffered assault and battery. *It is not our fault.* We have engaged a new printer, and we trust that the mechanical part of our paper will be better, far better, than it has been for three blessed callender months. Doctor Faustus was supposed to be in league with Satan for inventing types; we Editors deal weekly with printer’s devils, and they deserve, for the most part, their diabolical appellation.

FOR THE GAZETTE AND ATHENEUM. LITERARY HOURS—No. 2.

THE EARLY GRAVE.

“Art thou ambitious to be instructed
In celestial matters, and taught to know
Them clearly?”

Aristophane’s Comedy of ‘The Clouds.’ S. 2.

We love to dwell upon the brilliant and the beautiful of life, when the heart is rioting in its healthfulness—when the witchery of day-dreams beguiles us, and the allurements of hope enchant us. But mournful is the blighting of young expectations, when the pall of darkness falls upon the beautiful and lovely, and the pang of swelling agony is sent across the soul of the mourner. And melancholy too is the thought, that while we love to linger about the spot, where is left the once endeared tabernacle of the departed, and watch in pensive meditation the disorganizing process, we are so willing to forget the instructions of the death-scene—to dismiss the impressive lessons of the grave, at the closing of its portal.

There are persuasives, and rebukes from the *early* grave, that we will not heed—that

we dare not think of. Between *bending age* and the spirit of sepulchre, there is a kind of sympathy. When the ripened harvest is going to the garner, and the summer flowers are paying their tribute to the sway of Autumn, and the veteran oak bows, it were strange if the hoary head did not.—But when the young are cut down in their youth—the happy in the full tide of their happiness—the lovely, in the bloom of their loveliness—Oh! it is too mysterious. And it is only when the purity, and spirituality of the christian faith triumphs, that the light of a holier world breaks upon the mystery—then the effulgence of eternal youth beams from the departing spirit.

The following stanzas were suggested by the premature sickness and death of Miss Eliza J—, of N—, one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies of the age. Her sickness, (consumption,) which was painful and protracted, served but to develope the rare and heavenly graces of her character. Sickness

“Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.”

To the last, cheerful and serene as the morning—she seemed to us, as the hand of Death was upon her, to look and speak with the breathing eloquence of a seraph, as she said, “it is finished—Heaven!”

The *Second Voice* is but the echo, though in feebler language, of her own expressions in her chamber of sickness. I hope its seriousness may not need an apology with your fair readers.

THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS.

FIRST VOICE.

How awful the place! how gloomy, how chill!
Where the pangs of disease are lingering still,
And the life-pulse is fluttering in death.

SECOND VOICE.

How delightful the place! how peaceful, how bright;
There calmly, and sweetly the taper’s soft light
Shines an image of man’s fleeting breath.

FIRST VOICE.

There the angel of Death on the vitals is preying,
While beauty and loveliness fast are decaying,
And life’s joy’s are all fading away.

SECOND VOICE.

There the spirits of Mercy round the pillow are flying,
As the angel-smile plays on the lip of the dying,
And Hope cheers the soul with her ray.

FIRST VOICE.

How the spirit is pained, e’en when loved ones are near,
Or sympathy bathes the lone couch with its tear,
Its hopes are all dead—its joy is despair.

SECOND VOICE.

How the holiest endearments, that kindred souls
cherish, [ish,
Though the mortal decay, and its graces all pe-
Are perfected and purified there.

FIRST VOICE.

How ghastly the visage of Death doth appear !
How frightful the thought of the shroud and the
bier,
And the blood-crested worm—how vile !

SECOND VOICE.

How friendly the hand, that Faith is now lending,
How benignant her smile, o'er the pillow while
bending,
How sweet, how assuring her smile !

FIRST VOICE.

There in triumph the death-knell is fitfully pealing,
While the shivering chill to the cold heart is steal-
ing,
And the life-current warms—no never.

SECOND VOICE.

Hear the joy-speaking voice of some angel call-
ing, [falling,
While the visions of Heaven on the rapt soul are
And Hope is fruition forever. C.
New-Haven, Oct. 1826.

PRIZE ADDRESS,

FOR THE NEW-YORK THEATRE.

By Grenville Mellen, Esquire, of Maine.

In the old days when Athens wore her crown,
And temples swelled beneath her classic frown ;
When Gods to leave their starry thrones began,
And stooped to bless the infancy of man,
Apollo claimed the empire of the mind,
And formed the drama to subdue mankind.
Rude art at first beguiled his ruder age,
His hope the muse (1) obscurity his stage ;
Severe in grace, with matchless majesty
Cul'd his proud lip and glanced his eagle eye ;
On man he drew the consecrated bow.
And laid the Python (2) of the spirit low ;
Then with the glories of his bards unfurled,
He burst in radiance on a waking world ;
And in the beauty of undying youth,
Unveiled the Mirror of eternal truth !
But night came down on Athens—and red war
Fired the rich altar of the conqueror !
The Nine in horror, fled the quivering wire,
And Mar's hoarse trumpet drown'd Apollo's lyre,
Oblivion star'd o'er Oracía's desert seas,
And the wind moan'd throughout her palaces.
Barbarian hands impell'd the doom of years,
Mercy was gone, and genius stood in tears !

Italia then grew beautiful—the wave
That whelm'd all Greece in one unpyting grave
Roll'd till a rainbow broke upon its gloom,
And spann'd the arches of immortal Rome !
Lo ! here the God unbinds his golden hair,
And his young presence fills the enchanted air ;
Wild passion—sound the listening spirit's thrill,
And music floats round each melodious hill !
But, ah, thy palaces, and halls, and waves,
Land of bright souls, too beautiful for graves !—
It was not thine to win with dew-lit flowers
The tragic maid to dally in thy bowers !
Truth, like thy marble, was cold and dead—
The heart was wanting, and the drama fled !
Yes—from that land of heaven-enkindled fire,
Where Maro tun'd his harp, and Dante smote his
lyre !

(3) Not long she tarried with the troubadour,
Mid souls as sparkling as the skies were pure.
Not yet her vision'd hours had come—not yet,
As in her dreams, had art and nature met ;
Reason still rose o'er fiction's painted fears,
And gave but sadness where she ask'd for tears !
At last, as Hope herself, bright sandall'd Hope
went by,

A high-brow'd minstrel startled on her eye !
Hurried through Heaven the silver summons run.
She calls on *Shakespeare*, and her throne is won !

And ours is *Shakespeare* : on these splendid walls
He and his Queen shall hang their coronals :
Here peerless taste her wreath of buds shall twine,
And Beauty bind it round her fragrant shrine ;
Here music bends above her sounding wires,
Where Genius guards his hallowed altar-fires,
Whilst wizzard Eloquence shall triumph here,
And Poetry herself in steps of light appear !
Here bold-brow'd guilt shall cower in kindred
shame,

And mirror'd Virtue point the track to fame.
Here pensive Wo shall court her soothing wiles,
And here rude mirth be chastened into smiles :
Here dew-eyed youth with kindly age shall stray,
And meteor Wit leap lightly round their way ;
Here man pourtray'd, shall yet illumine the age,
And Woman's grace throw magic round the
stage,

And while the sun of freedom lights our clime,
Through all the smiles, and all the storms of time,
Here to the last, shall patriot pride command,
The motto still, "*Our glory and our land !*"

(1) The early chorus.

(2) "Python of the Spirit." Perhaps this may
be as good a figure as can be used to express the
early influence of the drama in exterminating
many of the Pythons or monsters of ignorance.

(3) "Not long she tarried with the troubadour."
Referring to the drama in *France* more particu-
larly.

BRIEF OBSERVATIONS UPON BREVITY.

"BREVITY," says Polonius, "is the soul
of wit," and twenty men as wise as he
have said so after him. Truth, says Mr.
Stephen Jones, the worthy compiler of va-
rious Biographical, Geographical, and
Lexicographical Duodecimos, is the soul
of my work, and brevity is its body.—
Strange quality, that can at once be body
and soul ? Rare coincidence, that the soul
of wit should be the body of a pocket dic-
tionary.

Many excellent things, good reader of
six feet high, partake of the property
which thou dost look down upon, or else
overlook, so scornfully. To take a few
casual instances, such as life, pleasure, a
good style, and good resolutions, all which
are notoriously, nay, proverbially, *brief*,
would scantily raise the matter to the alti-
tude of the apprehension. Go then, and
learn by experience ; read lawyers' briefs
without a fee ; study the Statutes at Large ;
regale thyself with Viner's Abridgement ;
if thou beest a tradesman, give long credit ;
if thou dost set a value on the moments,
bind thine ears to seven hours' apprentice-
ship to the British Senate, or the British
Forum, or, if thou canst, recall the days of
Auld Lang Syne, of long sermons, and
the long Parliament ; when the long-wind-
ed preachers were accustomed to hold forth
over their glasses, to the long-ear'd and
long suffering multitude : over their glass-
es, but not such glasses as were wont to
inspire the tragic sublimity of Æschylus,
the blistering humour of Aristophanes,
and the blustering humour of Old Ben ;
not such glasses as whetted the legal acu-
men of Blackstone, and assisted the incom-
parable Brinsley to weep for the calamities
of India. No, my jovial friends, the gos-

pel trumpeters were as dry as they were
lengthy. Their glasses were such as that
which old Time is represented as running
away with, though in sober truth they run,
or rather creep away with him ; such
glasses as we naturally associate with a
death's head, a college fag, or a lawyer's
office. Should a modern pulpit orator
undertake to preach by the hour-glass, I
am inclined to think he would be building
his hopes of preferment on a sandy founda-
tion, and would most probably see his con-
gregation run out before his sand. At all
events, he would make the world (mean-
ing thereby the parish clerk, and charity
children, who were compelled to a final
perseverance) as much in love with brevity,
as if they had each inherited a chancery
suit, or had their several properties charg-
ed with long annuities.

I am brief myself ; brief in stature, brief
in discourse, short of memory and money,
and far short of my wishes. In most things
too, am an admirer of brevity ; I cannot
endure long dinners. All the delicate
viands that sea and land, with all the points
"on the shipman's card," produce, are not
so irresistible a temptation to gluttony, as
the ennui of a needless half-hour at table ;
certain motions of the jaws are undoubt-
edly infectious ; such are laughing, yawn-
ing, and eating. Should the night-mare,
"and her nine fold," descend visibly upon
the dishes ; should indigestion, after the
old fashion, assume the shape of Abernethy
to admonish me, and gout appear in the
yet more formidable likeness of a racking
toe, the mere dead weight of time would
turn the balance of my resolves. I am par-
tial to support ladies. Here I shall be
told, perhaps, that the Greeks include size
in their ideal of beauty ; that all Homer's
fair ones are "large and comely," and that
Lord Byron has expressed his detestation
of "dumpy women." All this is very true,
but what is it all to me ? Women are not
ideals, nor do we love or admire them as
such ; Homer makes his heroes tall as well
as his heroines ; there cannot, as Falstaff
says, be better sympathy. And as for his
Lordship, when I am the Grand Turk, he
shall choose for me. I revere the sex as
much as any man, but I do not like to look
up to them. I had rather be consorted
"with the youngest wren of nine," than
with any daughter of Eve whose morning
stature was taller than my evening shadow.
Whatever such an amazon might conde-
scend to say to me, it would sound of "no-
thing but low and little." Those pretty
diminutives, which in all languages are the
terms of affection, from her lips would
seem like personalities ; she could have but
one set of phrases for fondness and for
scorn. If I would "whisper soft nonsense
in her ear," I must get on my legs, as if I
were going to move a resolution ; if in
walking I would keep step with her, I
must stride as if I were measuring the
ground for two duellists, one of whom was
my very good friend, and the other a very
good shot. Should I dance with her (alas,

I am past my dancing days) I should seem like a cork-boat tossing in a storm, at the stern of a three-decker. And should I wed her (pooh dolor! I am declared by signs infallible an old bachelor elect; cats, the coyest of the breed, leap on my knees; that saucy knave,* called the old bachelor, falls eternally to my share, and no soft look of contradiction averts the omen; candles shrink self-extinguished when I would snuff them, and no sweet voice will chide my awkwardness;) but should I wed her, I must "stand the push of every beardless vain comparative." The young Etonian jackanapes would call us Elegiacs (carmen lugubre!) the Cantab pedants would talk of their duplicate ratios; yea, unbreeched urchins, old ale wives, and cobblers in their stalls, would cry out after us, there goes eighteen pence; and prudential punsters would wish the match might prove happy, but it was certainly very *unequal*.

But of all *long* things, there are three which I hold in special abhorrence: a long bill, a long coach, and a long debate. Bills, it must be observed, are apt to grow long in proportion as the means of paying them are short; and tradesmen do not, like "honourable gentlemen," move for leave to bring them in. But it is not the appalling sum total that I regard. It is the muzzling insignificant items, the heart-breaking fractions, the endless subdivisions of misery, that provoke me. It is as if one were condemned to be blown up with a mass of gunpowder, and at the same time to feel the separate explosion of every grain.

Few of those presidential vehicles called long coaches, infest our roads at present; but when I was a young traveller they were frequent, especially on the northern stages. Their external semblance was that of a hearse, and their inward accommodations might vie with those of a slave-ship. An incontinent vestal might have rehearsed her living inhumation in one of them. They carried ten inside! Authors, children, and dandies, were only counted as fractions; and Daniel Lambert himself would only have been considered as an unit. Their pace was intolerably slow; their stages long; their drivers thirsty; and ale-houses innumerable. It is difficult to conceive what a variety of distress they sometimes contained. I remember a journey in one of them, I think it was between Lancaster and Manchester, perhaps the dulllest road in England, which beat the miseries of human life hollow. It was during the high fever of trade, and just after the summer holidays. I was then a minim, and counted as nobody. Three youths, returning "unwillingly to school," with all their consolatory store of half-eaten apples and gingerbread, and with looks that indicated a woful neglect of regimen during the vacation, composed one passenger. The

landlady of the Swan inn, in bulk a Falstaff, and clothed like the grave-digger, ditto (bearing a brandy bottle, which, with most importunate civility, she proffered to the company, in spite of repeated and sincere refusals;) a consumptive gentleman, who supplied his lack of natural dimension by a huge box-coat; a sick lady, with her son (who by the way was very disagreeably affected by the motion of the carriage,) her sister, and a lap-dog; a strong ministerialist of eighteen stone; and an equally violent, and almost equally bulky, partizan of opposition; (neither of these worthies were perfectly sober, and their vociferation was such as to drown every other sound, except the complaints of the sick lady, and the occasional yelping of the lap-dog;) a very smart, yet innocent-looking young woman, who was sadly pestered with the coarse gallantry of a middle-aged manufacturer of cotton; there was also a very prim and self-complacent young gentleman, who seemed to value himself much on his acute sense of the disagreeable, and not less on a peculiar delicate mode of swearing, mincing and clipping his oaths till they were almost softened into nonsense—

Such were the intestines; the roof and box were proportionably loaded. There was some little danger of breaking down, and no little fear of it. Every jolt produced a scream from the sick lady, a yelp from the lap-dog, an oath from the young gentleman, and a nauseous jest, or a vulgar proffer of service to the females, from the cotton manufacturer. Against this chaos of discords we had to balance the momentary interruption of the political jangle, and a shriek in exchange for the customary groans of the landlady's.

Scenes of this kind are particularly distressing to children; confinement and the want of fresh air are themselves sufficiently painful to them, and they seldom possess the faculty of deriving amusement from inconveniences. But all the troubles of our progress were nothing to the intolerable stopping. All conversation, even that of the politicians, ceased instantly. Sigh answered sigh, and groans were heard in all the notes of the gamut. The very horses seemed to sympathize with the feelings of the passengers, by various inarticulate sounds expressing, not, indeed, impatience to be gone, but uneasiness at staying. It was a hopeless condition. Every face was a glass, in which one might perceive the lengthening of one's own. For the last stage, a dozing silence prevailed, which made me almost wish for noise again. Any thing to drown the rumble of the wheels, and the perpetual and unavailing crack of the whip, which was applied unmercifully, and, as it were, mechanically, without the smallest acceleration.

A long debate is, to me, like a long story, of which I know the conclusion before it is begun. To read or listen to it is as tedious as to play a game which you are sure of losing, or to fight for your life when you know that in case of defeat or victory, it is

alike forfeited. The catastrophe of every discussion may be so clearly foreseen, and the very arguments, and almost the very metaphors of each member, so easily anticipated, that it is a cruel oppression to force a man to thread the intricate mazes of eloquence, in order to arrive at a point to which a hop, step, and jump, may carry him. I proposed to speak briefly of brevity, and, lo! I have produced a long discourse upon length. I intended to show that lively things are brief, and I have digressed into an exposition of the unloveliness of lengthiness. Lest I should utterly belie my title, I will even conclude here.

TOM TNUMB THE GREAT.

LECTURE ON ENGLAND.

BY A FRENCHMAN.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—In de discourse which I give to you on de top of England, I perpose to myself two things—first I shall make you to know de pronunciation most perfect of de English language; and next I show to you de custom and manners—by dis I murder two birds with one stone—one petit *perre*. I am not har nor quack, to pretend talk about what he not understand, dat vat I tell to you, in my grand ouvrage, is from de demonstration ocular, dat is to say, it is all my eye. I call myself Monsieur Charles Guillaume Denise de Charlatanville,—member of all the academie of Europe civilized, dat is to say, of de Paris, dat which I go to tell you of de manner, de fine art, de polite, de society, de literature, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. I not only learned after I have live a long time in de country, dat it is to say, for seven weeks as prisoner of war, in de prison of *Port see mont*, but I read it every day in de journal, Anglice, de paper,—it is tru I never was in de capital but I reside at Potseemouth vich is all de same. I shall begin vid de ladies of England, dey drink very much gin—and make themselves drunk every day. I look from my little prison window and see de ladies of *Portseemouth* roll about de street—derefore it is true ven I say de ladies of England drink very *mush* gin, and make herself drunk every day. Every body in England are boxers, de lady box wid de lady, the gentlemen wid de gentleman, and sometime de gentleman and lady box together. If you look in deir dictionary you will find B-o-x, box, to fight wid de fist, every thing in England is decide by de fist. You read in de *papier* dat de duchess of B. and lady C. were in one box last night at de opera—to accuse de prisoner, de witness box, to find him guilty—de jury box. And dere is one grand day in de year ven dey all go box one wid de other. De postman, de baker, de dustman, de butcher, all fight together, and dis is called grand Christmas-boxing. De English are ver much people for trade, dey perme him to sell his wife, de have considerable trade in wives. In *Swassfield*, dey have the cattle market, and as de women are de *troublesome* cattle, de husband

* It is needless to mention, that this alludes to a Christmas gambol, wherein a particular knave in the pack is called the old bachelor, and the person drawing it is set down as a confirmed Cozebs.

put a halter round her neck, and lead her to *Smisfield*, and sell her: 'tis the same in de every rank of life, for you shall read in de journal dat de great lord he led de great lady to de altar, which mean he put de altar round her neck, and take her to *Smisfield*, and sell her. For de fine art de English are nobody, it is impossible, dere is de grand reason: dey eat too much beer and pudding, and dey drink and sleep so verry much, dey have no room in de body for de genius; and it is de rule on de first of September, to shoot de partridge, and on de first of November to shoot himself. De English nation are *barbare*. France is divided from de English by one sea. Every nation civilized come to France for de music, de dancing, de statuary, de painting, de poetry; all de Europe come to de grand nation for de every ting. For de literature de English are nothing; for de painting dey copy de tableau of Lebrun. For de statuary dey copy de statue of de garden of de Tuilleries—dey have their *Paradise Lost* translated from de Henriad of de immortal Voltaire, by one Jack Milton, dey have de *Humblet of Ducis*, wid *Macbeth* and *Othello* translated by one Billy Shakespeare. He was a clergyman or bishop, I believe, de divine of de politics. I shall not say much—dere is two parties in England, one is called tory, and de other de *perriquet*. Ladies and Messieurs, I have exposed to you my grand talent, and for de money I despise it, and if you attend my lectures, I shall teach you how to pronounce de language English, and de knowledge of de English character. I shall make you to know as much in seven day, as I myself know in seven week, while I reside in my prison at *Portseemouth*.

BARBER SURGEONS.

De Castro was one of the first members of the Corporation of Surgeons after their separation from the barbers, in the year 1745; on which occasion Bonnel Thornton suggested "*Pollute Barberum*" for their motto.

The barber-surgeons had a by-law, by which they levied ten pounds on any person who should dissect a body out of their hall without leave.

The separation did away this, and other impediments to the improvement of surgery in England, which previously had been chiefly cultivated in France. The barber-surgeon in those days was known by his pole, the reason of which is sought for by a querist in "the British Apollo," fol. Lond., 1708, No. 3.

"I'd know why he that selleth ale,
Hangs out a chequer'd part per pale;
And why a barber at port hole,
Puts forth a party-colour'd pole.

ANSWER.

In ancient Rome, when men lov'd fighting,
And wounds and scars took much delight in;
Mans-minders then had noble pay,
Which we call *surgeons* to this day.
'Twas ordered that a huge long pole,
With basin deck'd, should grace the hole,

To guide the wounded who unapt
Could walk, on stumps the other apt:
But when they ended all their wars,
And even grew out of love with scars,
Their trade decay'd; to keep swarming,
They join'd the other trade of trimming,
And to their poles, to punish either,
'Twas twist'd both their trades together."

From "Brand's History of Newcastle," we find that there was a branch of the fraternity in that place, as at a meeting, 1712, of the barber-chirurgeons, it was ordered "that they should not shave on a Sunday, and that no brother shave John Robinson till he pays what he owes Robert Shafts." Speaking of the "grosse ignorance of the barbers," a facetious author says: "This puts me in mind of a barber, who, after he had cupped me (as the physician had prescribed) to turne away a catarrhe asked me if I would be *sacrificed*.—'*Sacrificed*?' said I, 'did the physician tell you any such thing?' 'No' quoth he, 'but I have sacrificed many, who have been the better for it.' Then musing a little with myself, I told him, 'Surely, Sir, you mistake yourself; you mean *scarified*?'—'O, Sir, by your favour,' quoth he, 'I have ever heard it called *sacrificing*; and as for *scarifying*, I never heard of it before.' In a word, I could by no means persuade him but that it was the barber's office to sacrifice men, since which time I never saw any man in a barber's hands, but that *sacrificing* barber came into my mind."

ANECDOTE

Of a certain Tale-teller in the service of Messer Assolino.

Messer Assolini was in the habit of listening to one of his *novellatori*, or story-tellers, previous to going to rest. It happened that one evening the *novellatore*, as well as his master felt a great inclination to go to sleep just as he was commanded to furnish one of his best stories.—For want of a better, the weary fabulist began to relate the adventures of a certain grazier, who went to market with the whole of his earnings, about two hundred pieces, for the purpose of purchasing sheep, obtaining at least two for a single piece. Returning with his stock in the evening to his farm, he found the river he had crossed so swollen with the rains, that he was greatly puzzled in what way to get them across it.—In this dilemma, he observed not far off, a poor fisherman with a little boat, so small that it would only carry one sheep and the grazier at a passage. So he jumped in with a single fleece, and began to row with all his might. The river was broad, but he rowed and rowed away * * * Here the fabulist came to a full stop, and nodded. "Well, and what then?" cried his master: "Get on, Sirrah, what next?" "Why replied the drowsy story-teller, "let him get over the remainder of the sheep, and then I will proceed; for it will take him a year at least, and in the mean time, your excellency may enjoy a very comfortable slumber." And again he nodded his head.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

Two gentlemen at St. Petersburg had contracted a bitter and irreconcilable enmity against each other. A servant of one happening to die, was buried within twenty-four hours, after the Russian custom, when the other determined to gratify his revenge upon his adversary, by accusing him of the murder of this man. To give a colour to this accusation, accompanied by some of his confidential servants, he proceeded privately to disinter the corpse, with a view of detecting marks of violence upon it. The body was removed from the coffin and held erect, that it might undergo a severe flogging, when to the astonishment and dismay of the party, after a few blows had been inflicted, animation returned, and the affrighted resurrection-men ran off with the utmost precipitation. The corpse at length recovering its animation, was enabled to move off in its shroud and regain its master's habitation, which it entered, to the great terror of its respective inhabitants. At length, however, his reality becoming certain, they were reassured, and the supposed ghost communicated all that he could remember of the state he had been in, which was, that his senses had not left him, notwithstanding he had felt so cold and torpid as to be incapable of speech or motion, until the blows had restored him. This led to the detection of the diabolical plan against his master's life and character. The servants of the monster confessed their participation in the act, and he was consequently arraigned before the senate.

LEAD-CELLAR AT BREMEN.

The Lead-Cellar, so called on account of the lead used for the cathedral having formerly been placed in it, has the singular property of preserving from decay, or decomposition, any animal matter that is deposited in it; and from the many bodies that are consequently to be found here it might not unaptly be termed the "Dead Cellar." This property is said to have been accidentally discovered from some poultry having been left in it, and forgotten, and which were afterwards found in an incorrupted state, with the juices dried up. A Swedish princess happening to die about this time, it was determined to place the body in the vault, with a view of preserving it until the directions of her family could be received as to its final disposition. It proved that her relatives did not think her worth a funeral, nor did the senate feel desirous to incur the expense of one suitable to her rank; and therefore it was determined to let her remain *in statu quo*, and which she has now done for three hundred years.

Since this time other corpses have been deposited in this cellar. Amongst the rest a plumber, fifty years of age, who fell from off the steeple, and severed his head from its body; this is said to have lain three hundred years;—an English countess, eighty years of age, belonging to the Stanhope family, who died of a cancer, and which

has been in the vault two hundred years; a Swedish general and his adjutant, who were killed near Bremen during the seven years' war; a cannon-shot wound in the side of the latter is yet visible; also a student, who fell in a duel about the same time; the wound of a sabre still perceptible on the left shoulder, and the silken band of the garland made by his fair friends, in token of his unfortunate fate, yet remains.

There are also various other bodies preserved here. The whole formerly lay carelessly on the ground, but of late more decency has been observed, each body having been placed in a separate chest. I examined some of them with great attention, and found the skin resembling coarse hard leather, under which, on making pressure, might be perceived the vacancies left by the drying-up or evaporation of the fluid parts. The hair was firm on the scalp, and the teeth and nails in a perfect state, the eyes dried up and deeply sunk into the orbits, and the nose like a double nose, from the cartilage, at its connection with the *ossa nasi*, having sunk down to a level with the face.

There was a Muscovy duck in full plumage, which retained all its original beauty; and also a cat, that was supposed to have got in accidentally, and which lies coiled up as if asleep.

Aicidalus Valens, an eminent critic and writer of Germany, of the 16th century, was falsely accused of writing a little work which had for its object to prove that women were not of the human species. The fact was, that Aicidalus happening to meet with the manuscript, and thinking it very whimsical, transcribed it, and gave it to a bookseller, by whom it was printed. The performance was highly censured, so that the bookseller, being seized, he discovered the person from whom he obtained the manuscript. A terrible outcry was raised against Aicidalus; who, being one day to dine at the house of a friend, there happened to be several ladies at table, and supposing him to be the author, they were moved with so much indignation, that they threatened to throw their plates at his head. Aicidalus, however, ingeniously diverted their wrath, by observing, that, in his opinion, the author was a very judicious person, as the ladies were certainly more of the species of angels than of men.

Ariosto, the celebrated Italian poet, began one of his comedies during his father's life-time, who rebuked him sharply for some great fault, but all the while he returned no answer. Soon after his brother began to scold on the same subject; but he easily refuted him, and with strong arguments justified his own conduct. "Why, then," said his brother, "did you not so satisfy your father?" "In truth," replied Ariosto, "I was just then thinking of a part of my comedy, and methought my father's speech to me so suited to the part of an old man chiding his son, that I entirely for-

got I was concerned in it and considered it only as forming a part of my play."

Lord Bathurst (father of the Chancellor) until within a month of his death, in September, 1775, at the great age of 91, constantly rode on horseback two hours before dinner, and as regularly took his bottle of Claret or Maderia after. On having some friends at his seat at Cirencester, he was loth to part with them one evening, when his son objected to their sitting up any longer, saying, that "health and long life were best secured by regularity." He was therefore permitted to retire; but as soon as he had departed, the cheerful father said, "come my good friends, *now the old gentleman has gone to bed, I think we may crack another bottle.*"

Aristippus being asked by a person what his son would be the better for being a scholar, replied, "if for nothing else, yet for this alone, that when he comes into the Theatre, one stone will not sit upon another."

When a certain person recommended his son to Aristippus he demanded five hundred drachmas. "Why," said the father, "I could buy a slave for such a sum." "Do so," said Aristippus, "and then you will be master of a couple."

THE GROTTA OF BALAGANSK, IN SIBERIA.

The grotto of Balagansk, a hundred and eighty versts from the Irkoutsk, and about seven versts from the town of that name, is a very interesting natural curiosity. Its entrance is formed by a rock that rises seventy feet perpendicular, and is about a hundred and eighty feet in width, and of such form as to have the appearance from a distance of a large edifice in ruins. The aperture consists of three large fissures; these lead into three separate galleries, which, after running a length of one thousand and fifty feet, unite at the commencement of the principal cavern, and then extends itself for the distance of two versts, after which all further progress is impeded by immense masses of ice.

Not less interesting are the ruins of a mountain near the Angara, at the distance of a hundred and sixty-five versts from Irkoutsk, and which fell down on the 20th of March, 1820, with a noise resembling thunder, accompanied (as the Bratsky who witnessed the phenomenon report) by smoke and flame visible in the horizon.

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July 1.

THE BLACK LIST.

JOSEPH SAYRE, of Delaware Co. N. Y. is particularly disinclined to pay for the paper.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga Co., has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence Co. has not paid.

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the *Minerva*, which paper I published about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the New-York Literary Gazette, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List; no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly, or unjustly; but when once inserted there it shall remain.

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July, 1826.

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